

T H E

# Assembly-man ;

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*Written by Sir John Birkenhead; in the Year 1647.*

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Θ Ε Ο Φ Ρ Α Σ Τ. Χαρακτ.  
Σ. ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΙΑΣ.

Διηγείρειν τὸς μαχητὰς, καὶ ὅς, ἔχοντες αὐτοὺς ἡγήσας καὶ ὁμιλοῦντας  
μέλλων, ἔπειν πρὸς τοὺς ὄντας ὑπὸ τῶν παλαιῶν πολεμικῶν  
ὁμῶντος. I. E.

*He seditiously stirs up men to fight ; he'll teach others the way  
whereof himself as most ignorant ; and persuades men to take an  
Oath, because himself had sworn it before.*

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L O N D O N,

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# A

## READER,

**T**His Pamphlet was torn from me by those who say they can not rob, because all is theirs. They found it where it slept many years forgotten; but they waken'd it, and made false Transcripts. They Exciz'd what they liked not; so mangled and Reform'd, that 'twas no Character of an Assembler, but of themselves. A Copy of that Reformling had crept to the Press. I seiz'd and stop't it, unwilling to Father other mens sins. Here therefore you have it (as 'twas first scribled) without addition of a syllable; I wish I durst say here's nothing lost off. But men and manners are chang'd, at least they say so. If yet this trifle seem born with teeth, you know whose hands were knuckle-deep in the blood of that renowned Chancellor of Oxon (Arch-bishop LAUD) though when they cut up that great Martyr, his two greatest Crimes were the two greatest Glories Great Britain can boast of, St. Paul's Church and the Oxford Library. Where you find no coherence, remember this Paper hath suffer'd Decimation: Better times have made it worse, and that's no fault of.

J. Berkenhead.

L O N D O N

T H E

# Assembly-man.

**A**N *Assembler* is part of the *State's* Chattels: nor *Priest*, nor *Rurgess*, but a *Participle* that *shark's* upon both. He was chosen, as *Sir Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession: not by the Votes of a Whole *Diocese*, but by one whole *Parliament-man*. He ha's sate four years *towards* a new Religion, but in the interim left none at all: as his *Masters*, the *Commons* had along Debate whether *Canals* or no *Candles*, but all the mean while sate still in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, a d has acquir'd no new, *Astronomers* say she is in her *Synodes*. Shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a gripping, false, Reforming Brother, rail's at Waste spent upon the *Anointed*; persecutes most those Hands which *Ordain'd* him; brings in men with swords and staves; and all for Money from the Honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*): One Touch more (a Line tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-tree*) had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full Century; which should be reckon'd as the *Scholiast's* *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads: or count them by Scores, for in things without Heads Six-score go to an Hundred. They would be a New *Septuagint*; the Old translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn in to four shillings a day. And these *Assemblers* were begot in one day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one night. Their first List was sprinkled with some names of Honour, (Dr. *Sanderfon*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) But these were *Divines*; too worthy to mix with such scoundalous *Ministers*, and would not *Assemble* without the *Royal Cell*. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an Half, (for Bishop *Brommington* was then but *Elef*.) But now their *Assembly* (as *Philosophers* think the World) consists of *Atoms*, petty small *Levites*, whose *Parts* are not *perceptible*. And yet these inferior poltern Teachers have intoxicated *England* (for a man sometimes grow's drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africa* by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr. *Selden* visit's them (as *Persians* use) to see wild *Asses* fight: when the *Commons* have tyr'd him with their new Law; these *Brotheren* refresh him with their mad Gospel: They lately were gravelld 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jerico*; they knew not the distance 'twixt those two places; one cry'd twenty miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that *Fi* was brought from *Jericho* to *Jerusalem*.

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market: Mr Selden finil'd and said *perhaps the Fish, was salt Fish* and so stopp'd their mouths. Earl Philip goes thither to hear them *spend*; when he heard them tols their *National, Provincial, Classical, Congregational*; he swore damnable, that a pack of good Dogs made better Musick: His Allusion was proper, since the *Elder's Maid* had a four-legg'd Husband. To speak truth, this *Assembly* is the *two Houses* Tiring-room where the *Lords* and the *Commons* put on their Visards and Masques of Religion. And their *Honors* have so fitted the Church, that at last they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy: Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and shuffle: though they find Church Government may a thousand wayes be chang'd for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately publish'd *Annotations* on the Bible, where their first Note (on the word *CREATE*) is a Libel against Kings for creating of Honors. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's two Kids*, is, that *two Kids are too much for one man's supper*: but he had (say they) *but one Kid and the other made Sauce*. They observe upon *Hered*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two years old, *without giving them legal Trial*; that they might speake for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva Margin*, as those Sea-men who understood not the *Compass*'s crept a long the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the interim thrust forth a paultry *Catechism*, which expounds *Nine Commandments*, and *Eleven Articles* of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole Bakers dozen of their own *Assembly* have that beastly number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League and Covenant* consist's of 666 words. But though the *Assembler's Brains* are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he damned such as held two benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his Concubine *Lecture*. He is not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; He says it is unlawful to have two of his own, though four of other mens; and observes how the Hebrew word for *Life* has no singular number. Yet it is some relief to a sequestred person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beasts none can match an *Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambres up through a Window of *Sequestration*, or steals in through *Vaults* and *Cellars* by Clandestine Contracts with an Expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Laws dyed in *England* the year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him, is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *silver chains*. He loves to discourse of the *New Jerusalem*, because her streets are of fine *Gold*; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* paved with the *Philosopher's stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with *Beads*, if he might have a Set made of all *Diamonds*: This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the *Loyal Clergy*, whom

whom he dresses as he would have them appear; just as the Ballad of Dr. Faustus brings forth the Devil in a Friars weed. He accused one Minister, for saying *the blessed Virgin was the Mother of God*, ( *Ceſto's* , as the Ancients call her. ) Another he charged for a common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water these 26 years. But the Assembler himself can drink Widows Tears though their husbands are not dead. Sure, if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, ( that to eat creatures alive will perpetuate man's life ) the Assembler were immortal, for he swallows quick Men, Wives, and Children; and devours Lives as well as Livings; as if he were born in that Pagan Province where None might marry till he had Killed twelve Christians. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant General Cromwel ( as Indians to the Devil; ) for he saw how Oliver first threw---, then--- and can with a wink do as much for---: Like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on a Calf grew strong enough for a Bull, and could with ease give a lift to an Asse. The great Turk was sending his Ambassador, to congratulate the Assemblies Proceedings against the Christians; He Ordered them Thanks for Licencing his *Alcoran* to be printed in English; but hearing Ottoman Cromwel had talked of marching to the Walls of Constantinople, that Embassy was stopt. The only difference twixt the Assembler and a Turk; is, that one plants Religion by the power of the Sword, and the other by the power of the Cymeter. Nay, the greatest strife in their whole Conventicle, is who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a Sepulchre, having not only Plunder'd but Anatomiz'd all the true Clergy; whose torment is height'ned in being destroyed by such dull instruments; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a wooden Saw. The Assembler wonders that the King and his Friends live still in hope; he thinks them all in *St. Helen's* case, drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his neck. He has now got power to visit the Universities; where these blinking Passors look on eminent Scholars ( as the Blind-man who saw men like Trees ) as Timber growing within the Root-and-Branch Ordinance. The Assembler has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A man would think the Two houses intend to transport the Universities, since they load Assees with Colledge Revenues. For though these Assemblers made themselves Heads, they are rather Hands of Colledges, for they all are takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are Expell'd the two Universities, as the old Thracians, forc'd from their Countrey by Rats and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrowsmith's* Glass-eye sees more then his natural. They never admit a good scholar to a Benefice, for the Assemblies Balance is the Lake of Sodom, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men; and 'tis only on one Question ( *Episcopacy* ) where the Assembler talks all that he and his friends can say;

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( though his best medium to prove *Presbyters* more antient than *Bishops*, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests* and *Elders* where before the *Apostles*; ) Yet if a Scholar or good Arguer come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Laney* and Dr. *Hammond*, and had he not had more Brass in his Face than in his Kitchen, he had hang'd himself at *Oxbridge*, and ended with that Treaty. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her clutch'd fist, and rai's at *Philosophy* as *Beggars* do at *Gentlemen*. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them ( and that no mean man ) who in his preface to the Reader, sayes, that St. *Paul* had read *Eustathius* upon *Homer*, though the *Apostle* dyed a thousand years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assenblers* Dyet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assenblers* for 13 pence: But this sharpens and Whets him for supper, where he feeds gratis with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach and News; for which Cramm'd Capons cram him, He screws into Families where is some rich Daughter or Heir; but whoever takes him into their bosom, will dye like *Cleopatra*. VVhen it rains he is Coach'd ( a *Classis* of them together ) rouling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his hair and his Cloack. His hair is cut to the figure of 3; two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cap of shorn hair shoots down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carryed with *Habbakuk's*, the *Angel* had caught fast hold of his Ears, and led him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his Tithe at *Easter*, which he boyles at each Sermon. He has two Mouths, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. His hands are not in his Gloves but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt sweatings that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammaion. His Gown ( I mean his Cloak ) reaches but his pockets: when he rides in that mantle, with a Hood on his shoulders and a hat above both, is he not then his own Man of sin with the *Triple Crown*? you would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blew, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*; but of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colors. His two lo gest things are his Nails and his Prayer. But the cleanest thing about him is his *Pulpit-Cushion*, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him right, commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper makes such a Din, you cannot hear the Cymball for the Tinkling. If his pulpit be large he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, ( his own Neck is Palizado'd with a Ruff ) VVhen he first enters his prayer before Sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world, He seems in a slumber, then in a Dream; then rumbles a while, at last sounds forth, and then throws





Text, cuts it ( just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine* ) into many dead parts, breaking the sence and words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but shattered like the Splinters of *Don Quixot's* Lance. If his Text be to the occasion, his first Dith is *Apples of Gold, in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what Pictures those were. His Sermon and prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other *Independent*; for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet prays for the *Army*. Let his Doctrine and Reason be what they will, his *Use* is still to save his *Benefice* and augment his *Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, lest it strip him as naked as *Truth*; and therefore hates a personal Treaty, unless with a Sister. He has a rare simplifying way of expressions he calls a Married Couple *Sons that enjoy the mystery*; & a man Drunk, is a Brother full of the *Creature*. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, & ( like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden* ) shews *Adam & Eve* without *Fig-leaves*. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven; but his chief Mark of a child of God, is to be good to God's *Ministry*. And hence it is he calls his Preachment *Manana*; fitted not to his hearers *Necessity*, but their *Pain*; for 'tis to feed himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the Peoples *Hum*, as a Collar of Bells to cheer up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder he'll preach, but that any will hear him; and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears. For he is such an *Affected* *Prophet*, that to hear him makes good Scholars sick, but to read him is death. Yet though you heard him three Hours he'll ask a fourth, as the Beggar at *Dolph* craves your Charity because he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal. 'Twas from his Larum the *Watch-makers* learn'd their infinite *Skew*. His Glass and Text are equally handled, that is, once an hour: nay sometimes he falls and never returns, and then we should leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale of Expression, 'tis easier to make Stones speak than him to hold his peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Eccho*, for it Robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-hand-men*, who have the patience to write from his Mouth: had they the art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention consists in finding a way to speak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's* power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing* and *Nothing* to purpose are all one. I wonder in conscience he can preach against *Sleeping* at his *Opium-Sermons*. He preaches indeed both in season and out of season; for he rays at *Papery*; when the Land is almost lost in *Presbytery*; and would cry out *Fire, Fire*, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so acts with his *Hands*, that in this sence too his Preaching is an *Handicraft*. Nor can we complain that Plays are



are put down while he can preach; save only his *Sermons* have worse sence and less truth. But he blew down the Stage and preach'd up the Scaffold. And very wisely, lest men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Similes*, ( the only thing wherein he is commendable, St Paul himself having call'd Sentences from *Menander's Thais*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchast Comedy. ) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then ( with the translator of *Don Quixot* ) he mistakes *Sobs* and *Sighs* for *Eggs* and *Collops*. But commonly ( for want of *Greek* and *Latin* ) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is *illuminated*; that is, mad: his Brain is broke by a Brickbat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has *Lettem'd* a War quite round the Kingdom: he has found a *Circulation of blood* for *Destruction* ( as famous *Harvey* for *Preservation* ) of Mankind. 'Twas easie to foresee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all *Corporations*. For, as Multitude of *Froggs* preface a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Assembly*. Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in chinks and clefts of Church-walls, it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*, which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Assembler*? grown from *Schisms* ( which himself begot, ) and if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd *Christ's Minister* and Saint, as the Rebels against *King John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile; for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the people; such gross, low impostors, that we die the death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poison'd by *Mushrooms*. The old Heretickshad Skill & Learning ( some excuse for a Seduced Church; those were *Scholars*, but these *Assemblers*; whose very Brains ( as *Manichaeus's* skin ) are stuff'd with Chaff. For they study little, & preach much, ever sick of a *Diabetes*: nor do they read, but weed Authors, picking up cheap & refuse Notes, that with *Caligula* they gather Cockle-shells, & with *Domitian* retire into their Studie to catch Flies. At *Fasts* & *Thanksgivings* the *Assembler* is the *State's* Trumpet; for then he doth not preach, but is blown; proclaims News very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one Metall. ( And yet, good man, he still prays for *Baldness*. ) He hackneys out his Voice like a Cryer; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orders, and spreads them. In earnest the *States* can't want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would scarce *Assemble*. And if the *Zealots* chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Brass*. There is not on earth a baser Sycophant; for he ever is chewing some *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells the People how *favours* it is; like him who lick'd up the Emperor's spittle and swore 'twas sweet. Would the *two Houses* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: but should they offer him the *Self-denying-Ordin-*

Ordinance, he would justifie the Devil and curse them to their faces, his Brother Kirk-man did it in *Scotland*. 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others hands, *Marshall* procures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick* (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshall*, and so they all pump for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven years Sermons at *Westminster* are now to be sold in *Fetter-lane* and *Pyecorner*. Before a Battail the Assembler ever speaks to the Souldiers, and the holding up of his hands, must be as necessary as *Moses's* against the *Amalekites*: For he pricks them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*, but when Bullets flye, Himself runs first, and then cries *All the sons of Adam are cowards*. Were there any *Metempsychosis* his Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure, as *Satan* hath possessed the Assembler, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed *Satan*, and so the Devil's Devil; He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the Butcher's Sheets; and now (like his Sultan) has a Shambles in his Countenance; so crimson and torrid, you may there read how *St. Lawrence* dyed, and think the three Children were delivered from his face. This is *St. Hugh*, who will Levell the Assembler, or the Devil's an Ass. Yoke these Brethren; and they two would ple like a *Sedduces* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Parson*, both Mahumetans. But the Assembler's deepest, highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to damn or begger the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who onely persuades, but the Assembler swears to perjury or starving. And this) whoever livest o' objective it) will one day sink both him and his Faction: for he and his Oath are so much one, that I were he half hang'd and let down again, his first word would be *Covenant*!

*Covenant*! oh no! it is a word of blood, it is a word of death, it is a word of hell. But I forget, a Character should be brief (though tedious) enough be his best Character.) Therefore, 'il give ye? (what He denies the Sequestered Clergy) but a fifth Part. For weigh him single, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Ecrehead of six Geolers and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole Alliance is a Cloud of Hypocrites, where six dozen of Schismatick spends two hours for a four Billings and a piece.

FINIS